8/6/67

Mr. MacDonald
The London Times
Room 529, National Press Bldg
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. MacDonald,

In order to be certain you have the key parts of the Andrews tape that I believe amounts to a confession in advance of his perjury, I am sending you herewith those excerpts from the tape that I use in OSWALD IN NEW ORLEANS.

I am sorry the best copy I can now make is no better. I saved for myself only a poor carbon copy, from which I have photocopied this. I have the tape, which I will make available to you for use after the evidence is introduced in the trial beginning Wednesday.

The original is at Parallax Publishing Co., which is to bring the book out soon. Possibly Jon Starr's copy will have reached you by the time this does. I am sending it in the event he cannot find it rapidly in the confusion of moving his office.

As with PHOTOGRAPHIC WHITEWASH, I plan to publish 100% of my source material in an appendix, aside from what the Commission printed, and I also plan to print some of that because so few people have seen it. The Parallax edition will be text only, in reprint size. I therefore expect to print a private edition because I feel strongly that the documentation should be seen and studied. It is not likely to be financially successful with immediate competition from a less expensive book.

However, you can see this documentation any time you want. I have it already made up for publishing, with a few notes added.

Because of the problem with PHOTOGRAPHIC WHITEWASH, where so many of the original documents are illegible, I have found a simple and not too expensive means of increasing the legibility of these documents. I am using it in the appendix to my own edition of the New Orleans book. I think that although some may still not be easy to read, all will be legible. Because the process I am using can be used by anyone, it makes me wonder how accidental the illegibility of the original records is. I do it with a readily-available photocopy machine.

If I can be of any help, please let me know.

Sincerely yours,

Harold Weisberg